

The forsythia bush

by [Brian Doyle](#) in the [September 28, 2016](#) issue

One morning this summer I was basking in the sun
With the brother closest to me in age. We had been
Brought up almost as twins but then took disparate
Roads, as twins do. He was sobbing and I was near
Tears and the ocean was muttering. I heard a heron.
We had been having the most naked open talk we'd
Had in many years. I wanted to tell him how deeply
I loved him but words are just so weak and shallow.
So I talked about the forsythia bush we used to hide
Under together. It was the safest place on the planet.
The light was always amazing in there and it wasn't
Ever muddy somehow and you were draped in gold.
It was a hut a huddle a tent a canopy a cave a refuge.
Sometimes you have to use a thing to say something
Else. We do this all the time. We talk sideways, yes?
But sidelong is often the only road that gets to where
You know you need to go. So much means lots more
Than it seems like it could mean. Tears, for example.